

Dear Mother.

When you came in this world, she held you in her arms.

You thanked her by wailing like a banshee.

When you were 1 year old, she fed you and bathed you.

You thanked her by crying all night long.

When you were 2 years old, she taught you how to walk.

You thanked her by running away when she called.

When you were 3 years old, she made all your meals.

You thanked her by tossing it on the floor.

When you were 4 years old, she gave you some crayons.

You thanked her by colouring the dining room table.

When you were 5 years old, she dressed you for holidays.

You thanked her by plopping in the nearest pile of mud.

When you were 6 years old, she walked you to school.

You thanked her by saying, "I'M NOT GOING".

When you were 7 years old, she bought you a baseball.

You thanked her by throwing it through the next door neighbour's window.

When you were 8 years old, she handed you an ice cream.

You thanked her by dripping it all over your lap.

When you were 9 years old, she paid for piano lessons.

You thanked her by not even bothering.

When you were 10 years old, she drove you all day, from soccer to gymnastics to one birthday party after another.

You thanked her by jumping out of the car and never looking back.

When you were 11 years old, she took you and your friends to the movies.

You thanked her by asking her to sit in a different row.

When you were 12 years old, she warned you not to watch certain TV shows.

You thanked her by waiting until she left the house.

Those teenage years: ~

When you were 13, she suggested a haircut that was becoming.

You thanked her by telling her she had no taste.

When you were 14, she paid for a month away at summer camp.

You thanked her by forgetting to write a single letter.

When you were 15, she came home from work, looking for a hug.

You thanked her by having your bedroom door locked.

When you were 16, she taught you how to drive a car.

You thanked her by taking it every chance you could.

When you were 17, she was expecting an important call.

You thanked her by being on the phone all night.

When you were 18 she cried at your graduation.

You thanked her by partying until dawn.

Her growing old and grey: ~

When you were 19, she paid for your college tuition, drove you to campus and carried your bags.

You thanked her by saying good bye outside the dorm so you wouldn't be embarrassed in front of your friends.

When you were 20, she asked whether you were seeing anyone.

You thanked her by saying, "It's none of your business".

When you were 21, she suggested certain careers for the future.

You thanked her by saying, "I don't want to be like you".

When you were 22, she hugged you at your college graduation.

You thanked her by asking if she could pay for a trip to Europe.

When you were 23, She gave you furniture for your first apartment.

You thanked her by telling your friends that it was ugly.

When you were 24, she met your fiancée and asked about your plans for the future.

You thanked her by glaring and growling. "Muuhh-ther, please"

When you were 25, she helped you pay for your wedding.

and she cried and told you how much she loved you.

You thanked her by moving halfway across the country.

When you were 30, she called with some advice on the baby.

You thanked her by telling her, "Things are different now".

When you were 40 she called to remind you of a relative's birthday.

You thanked her by saying you were, "Really busy now".

When you were 50, she fell ill and needed you to take care of her.

You thanked her by reading about the burden parents become to their children.

And then, one day she quietly died.

And everything you never did came crashing down like thunder.

"Rock me baby, rock me all night long. The hand who rocks the cradle may rock the world".

Let us take a moment of time to pay tribute, to show appreciation to the person called MOM.

Though some may not say it openly to their mother, there is no substitute for her. Cherish every single moment with her. Though at times she may not agree with our thoughts, she is still your mother!!!!

She will be there for you...to listen to your woes, your bragging, your frustrations etc.

Ask yourself, have you put aside enough time for her, to listen to her "blues" of working in the kitchen, her tiredness???

Be tactful, loving and still show due respect though you may have different views from hers, once she is gone, only fond memories of the past and regrets will be left.

DON'T take for granted the person closest to your heart. Love her more than you love yourself. Life is meaningless without her.



R*U*M*B*L*E

Roaring, full of anger

Unable to break free

Manipulated by Society

Born under the shadow of poverty

Learning the only possible escape

Education the final liberty.

By: Karon Anne Vaus.





Love

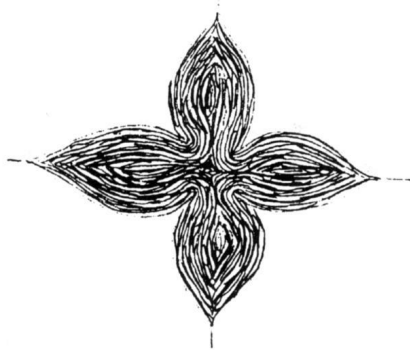
Love brings happiness,
Love brings tears.
Love can hurt, right in the heart
but love can bring two people
together.

Love is something you feel right
in there,
when you know you found
true love.

Love is fate and destiny,
it's something you believe in.

Love meant everything to me,
when I fell in love with you.
But love comes first from you.
There is no love,
if there is no love within you.

Love is something you can show
to others,
by the actions you do.
Love is feeling,



Love is speaking,
Love is eye contact,
Love is something that comes from
two hearts.

Love is something special,
That comes from two people's hearts.
This is what love means to me.

Anonymous.



Daddy's Song

Not every single father could say they raised their son,
At least not mine because father God I've got none,
I heard mad stories about you were happy to conceive me,
But if you were so happy how come you couldn't take care of me,
November 14th should have been the best day of your life,
your first born son,
you gave Gods gift a life,
I was born with your eyes but Momma had to hear me cry,
a strong black woman but whos gonna ease her silent cries,
she rushed to the hospital every time I got sick,
while you bailed out on us when the pressure got thick,
probably joking with your friends saying you've got the biggest . . .
whatever,

Moms had to hold me up at night,
leaning on the wall trying to get some shuteye,
she never shed a tear,
I always knew my Momma was there,
but where were you,
when you were needed I couldn't find you anywhere,
broken promises constantly hurting me,
now you think you can stabilise the past,
with some visits and some cash,
the whole thing about it is that I got your name,
and instead of bringing pride the only thing it brings me is shame,
I have sisters through you,
don't even know their middle names,
and the biggest pain of all you don't even remember my birthday,
you must have had my trophy to say you have a son have a son,
but like I said in the first,
god son you got none . . .



Now I see you around my way trying to fix what was wrong,
trust me the love I had for you daddy was lost in the storm,
and just because I got myself into some problems you think you can
barge in like a chief,
when you thought you made my life better all you
brought me was grief,
you think just because you bring me some bus pass
and ten dollars cash,
that we're gonna be best friends and our relationships gonna last,
in the past it might have been nice and dandy,
but you left me broken hearted like brandy,
I can't understand how you can go to sleep and feel like a man,
when you know yours sons standing out here in the concrete land,
if you wanted to be of service you would've extended a helping hand
before,

I turned from a boy to man,
see I learned how to stand on my own two feet without you there
to guide me,

Moms is the powerful force in my life,
not to mention my family,
my big sister Jen is my truest best friend,
I got my cousins, my aunts, my uncles and my friends,
I got girls all around 360 degrees,
so you can step out of my life,
you think I need you - please,
and I know it might pain you when you read these words,
take it noun by noun and break down these verbs,
and I ain't apologetic about anything I said,
and if you think I'm taking it back you must be sick in your head,

my birthday's coming up let's see if you make it pass again,
for the record,
I wish we could've been the perfect father and son,
The end.

Written by:
PARKER 98



The following was written by a student at Columbine High School upon the reopening of the school.
 The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings, but shorter tempers; wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints.
 We spend more, but have less; we buy more, but enjoy it less.
 We have bigger houses and smaller families; more conveniences, but less time; we have more degrees, but less sense; more knowledge, but less judgement; more experts, but more problems; more medicine, but less wellness.
 We drink too much, smoke too much, spend too recklessly, laugh too little, drive too fast, get angry too quickly, stay up too late, get up too tired, read too seldom, watch TV too much.
 We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values. We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often.
 We've learned how to make a living, but not a life; we've added years to life, not life to years.
 We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet the new neighbour.
 We've conquered outer space, but not inner space.
 We've done larger things, but not better things.
 We've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul.
 We've split the atom, but not our prejudice.
 We plan more, but accomplish less.
 We've learned to rush, but not to wait.
 We build more computers to hold more information to produce more copies than ever, but have less communication.
 These are the times of fast food and slow digestion, tall men, and short character; steep profits and shallow relationships.
 These are the times of world peace, but domestic warfare; more leisure, but less fun; more kinds of food, but less nutrition.
 These are the days of two incomes, but more divorce; of fancier houses, but broken homes; disposable diapers, throw-away morality; one-night stands, overweight bodies and pills that do everything from cheer to quiet, to kill.
 It is a time when there is much in the show window and nothing in the stockroom; a time when technology can bring this letter to you and a time when you can choose either to share this insight, or to just hit delete.

By: A Columbine High School Student.

The yearbook staff chose to print this piece, to inspire the students at Wagar to think of the world around us with a broader prospective.

LIFE

Life is just a dream on the way
 to death.
 Replay it over and over again,
 'till I wake.

Life is just a scream on the way
 to death,
 louder and louder 'till I break.

Life is just a dream on the way
 to death.
 Shake me, break me before
 I fall.

Life is just a scream on the way
 to death,
 death shall come to us all.
 By: Deirdre.

Missing

We toss darts
 And dig in the daggers
 We stop his heart
 We stop his soul
 He cries, shouts, fury flares.
 Then he punches and fights,
 But nothing he does can
 replace what he lost.

By: Menachem Hoffman.



The Pretty Portrait of Misery . . .

I wanna fly into the sun,
 It takes fear to make me numb.
 Live like a teenage Christ.
 Mary, Mary it is oh so scary being
 so very young.
 Mary, Mary oh how scary it is
 being so very sad.
 Which makes me bad.

To be continued . . .
 By: Alyse B.

A Poem by the late Tupac Shakur

And 2 Morrow

Today is filled with anger,
Fuelled with hidden hate,
Scared of being outcast,
Afraid of common fate,
Today is built on tragedies,
Which no one wants to face
Nightmares 2 Humanities,
And morally disgraced,
Tonight if filled with rage,
Violence in the air,
Children with ruthlessness
Because no one at home cares,
Tonight I lay my head down,
But the pressure never stops,
Gnawing at my sanity,
content when I am dropped,
But 2morrow I change
A chance 2 build a new built on spirit,
Intent of heart and ideals based on truth,
And 2morrow with second wind
and strong because of pride,
2 know I fought with all my heart
2 keep my dreams alive.

Good luck everybody,
in everything you do.
-The Prelude Staff

STUNNING MEMORIES

I didn't know you that well,
But everyday I'm wishin' you in heaven not hell,
My pain has to get felt,
I wonder if you slipped, fell then heard the bells of the lord callin',
Were you gone? I couldn't tell,
I met you on da' court, where God wanted us to meet,
You schooled me real bad, didn't take long for us to speak,
Why you talked to me is still some s*** I can't figure,
But still after that day I felt like I was your n*****,
Here today, gone tomorrow is the way I would describe it,
Can you tell me where my heart is?
Since you left I can't find it,
Thinkin' bout all this is killin me inside,
I stayed up 'til one o'clock just to write this rhyme,
When I first found out, I didn't want to believe it,
Just the thought of you gone, I didn't want to conceive it,
Alot of people like me have taken this s*** to heart,
Just to know that you were and now you're a thought in the dark,
I used to be bad, smokin', runnin' from beast,
Now the one thing on my mind is having you rest in peace,
Six foot whatever y'all want to call me in height,
I swear to God I shed tears from my n***** last night,
I don't know why I come to school,
I can't focus on work,
I just keep thinkin' you were here now you're under the dirt,
We gotta get rid of this pain cuz you know that's our mission,
But from now until were gone it's gonna be Clint we're missin',

R.I.P Clint "Stunning" Dunning #21

- We Miss You -

By: Negus "Black Rose" Mckenna #21